

THE
GARLAND
OF
Good VVill.

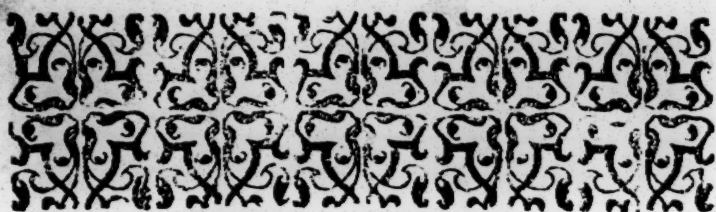
Diuided into three parts: Containing
many pleasant Songs, and pretty
Poems, to sundry new
Notes.

With a Table to find the names of all the Songs.

Written by T D.



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The Table.

I. Part.

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4. How Couentry was made free.
5. Of the Duke of Cornwals Daughter.
6. A Song of Queene Isabell.
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14. The faithfull friendship of two friends, anon-
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YALE In



The Table.

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7. Louer by his gifts thinketh to conquer Chastity.
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FINIS.

A 2

A



A Mournfull Dittie, on the
death of Rosamond, K. Henry
the seconds Concubine.

1.

To the Tune of, When flying Fame.

When as King Henry rul'd this Land,
the second of that name,
Besides the Queene he dærely lou'd
a faire and Princely Dame.
Most pærelesse was her beauty found,
her favour and her face:
A sweeter creature in this world,
did neuer Prince embrace.

Her crisped locks like threds of Gold,
appeared to each mans sight:
Her comely eyes like Orient pearles,
did cast a heavenly light.
The blond within her Chyristall cheekes,
did such a colour dye:

The Garland of good Will

As though the Lilly and Rose,
for master ship did strive.

Yet Rosamond, faire Rosamond,
her name was called so:
To whom Dame Elinor the Quene,
was knowne a cruell foe.
The King therefore for her defence,
against the furious Quene:
At woodstocke builded such a bower,
the like was neuer scene.

Most curiously this Bower was built
of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doores,
did to that bower belong.
And they so cunningly contrived
with turnings round about:
That none but with a clew of thred,
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Ladies sake,
that was so faire and bright:
The keeping of the Bower he gave,
unto a valiant knight.
But fortune that doth often frowne,
where she before did smile:
The Kings delight, the Ladies toy,

The Garland of good Will.

full soone she did beguile.

For while the Kings ungracious soune,
whom he did high aduance:
Against his Father raised warre,
within the Realme of France.
But yet our comely King,
the English land forsooke:
Of Rosamond his Lady faire,
his farewell thus he tooke.

My Rosamond, the only Rose
that pleaseth best mine eye:
The fairest Rose in all the world
to feed my fantasie.
The flower of mine afflicted heart,
whose sweetnesse doth excell:
My royall Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leaue my fairest flower,
my sweetest Rose a space,
And crosse the seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase.
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my coming shortly see:
And in my heart while hence I am
He beare me, Rose with me.

When

The Garland of good Will.

When Rosamond the Lady bright,
did heare the King say so:
The sorrow of her griened heart,
her outward lookes did shew,
And from her cleare and christall eyes,
the teares gush't out apace:
Which like a siluer pearled dew,
ran downe her comely face.

Her lips like to a Cozall red,
did wax both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceiu'd
her vitall spirits did faile.
So falling downe aile in a swoond
before King Henries face:
Full oft betweene his Princely armes,
her cozps he did embrace.

And twenty times with watry eyes
he kist her tender cheeke:
Untill she had receiu'd againe
her senses mil'd and meeke.
Why græues my Rose, my swætest Rose
the King did euer say?
Because, quoth she to bloudy warres,
my Lozd must part away.

But sith your grace in forren coast,

The Garland of good Will.

among your foes vnkind.
Must go hazard life and limbe,
why should I stay behind?
Pay, rather let me like a Page,
your shield and Target beare,
That on my brest the blow may light,
that should annoy you there.

O let me in your Royall Tent,
prepare your bed at night:
And with sweet baths refresh your Grace
at your returne from fight.
So I your presence may enioy,
no toyle I must refuse:
But wanting you, my life is death,
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe my dearest loue,
thy rest at home shall be:
In Englands sweet and pleasant soile
for trauell fits not thee.
Faire Ladies breake not bloudy warres,
sweete peace their pleasure breede:
The nourisher of hearts content
which fancy first doth seed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke Bower,
with Musickes sweet delight:

While

The Garland of good Will.

While I among the piercing pikes,
against my foes do fight.
My Rose in robes and parcles of Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight:
Shall dance the Galliard of my loue,
while I my foes do smite.

And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust,
to be my loues defence:
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,
when I am parted hence.
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond for inward grieve,
not one plaine word could speake.

For at his parting well they might,
in heart be griened soze:
After that day, faire Rosamond
the King did see no more.
For when his Grace had past the seas,
and into France was gone:
Queene Elinor with enuious heart,
to Woodstocke came anon.

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
which kept this curious Bower:
Who with his clew of twined thred,

came

The Garland of good Will,

came from that famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him
the Quene his thred did get:
And came where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angell set.

But when the Quene with stedfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face:
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace.
Cast off thy robes from thee, she said,
that rich and costly be:
And drinke thee by this deadly draught
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knees,
sweet Rosamond did fall:
And pardon of the Quene she crau'd,
for her offences all.
Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
faire Rosamond did cry:
And let me not with poison strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,
and in a Cloister bide:
Or else be banisht if you please,
to range the world so wide.

And

The Garland of good Will.

And for the fault that I haue done,
though I were forc't thereto:
Preserue my life and punish me,
as you thiuke best to do.

And with these words, her Lilly hands
she wrung full often there:
And downe along her lonely cheekes,
proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious Quene
therewith appeased be:
The cup of deadly popson sh'd,
as she late on her knee.

She gaue this comely Dame to drinke,
who toke it from her hand:
And from her bended knee arose,
and on her feet did stand.
And casting by her eyes to Heauen,
she did for mercy call:
And drinking vp the popson then,
her life she lost withall.

And when that death through euery limbe,
had done his greatest spight:
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse,
she was a glorious sight.
Her body then they did intombe,

Exon

The Garland of good Will.

When life was fled away:
At Godtrow néere to Orford Towne
as may be sene this day.

FINIS.

2.

A New Sonnet, containing the Lamentation of
Shores wife, who was sometime Concubine to
King Edward the fourth, setting forth her great
fall, and withall her most miserable and wretch-
ed end.

To the tune of, the hunt is vp.

Listen faire Ladies
Unto my misery:
That liued late in pompous state,
most delightfully.
And now by Fortunes faire dissimulation,
Brought to cruell and vnconth plagues,
most spightfully.

Shores wife I am,
So knowne by name:
And at the Flower-de-luce in Cheapside,
was my dwelling:
The only daughter of a wealthy merchant man,
against

The Garland of good Win.

Against whose counsell evermore
I was rebelling.

Long was I loued
No affection moued
My heart or mind to giue or yeld
to their consenting.

My Parents thinking richly for to wed me,
Forcing me to that which caused
My repenting.

Then being wedded,
I was quickly tempted,
My beauty caused many Gallants
to salute me.

The King commanding, I straight obeyed,
For his chiefest iewel then,
He did repate me.

Brave was I trained,
Like a Quene I rained,
And many poore mens suits
by me was obtained.

In all the Court, to none was such resoꝛt
As vnto me, though now in scoꝛne,
I be disdained.

When the King dyed,

The Garland of good Will.

My griefe I tryed:
From the Court I was expelled,
With dispyght.
The Duke of Glouster being Lord Protector,
Tooke away my goods, against
all law and right.

In a Procession,
For my transgression,
Backe foot he made me go,
For to shame me.
A Crosse before me there was carried plainly,
As a pannance for my former life,
So to tame me.

Then through London.
Being thus undone,
The Lord Protector published,
a Proclamation:
On paine of death I should not be harbored,
Which furthermore encreaseth my sorrow
and vexation.

I that had plenty,
And dishes dainty:
Most sumptuously brought to my board
at my pleasure:
Being full poore, from doore to doore,

The Garland of good Will.

I beeg my bread with clacke and dish,
at my leysure.

My rich attire,
By Fortunes yre,
To rotten rage and nakednesse
they are beaten.
My body soft, which the King embraced oft,
With vermine bile annoyed
and eaten.

On stalls and stoncs,
Did lye my bones,
That wonted was in beds of Downe
to be placed.
And you see my finest pillowes be,
Of stinking straw, both dirt and dung,
thus disgraced.

Wherefore faire Ladies,
With your sweet babies,
My grievous fall beare in your minde,
and behold me:
How strange a thing, that the lone of a King,
Should come to dye vnder a stall,
as I told y^e.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.

2.

A New Song of King Edgar, King of England,
how he was deprived of a Lady, which
he loued, by a Knight of his
Court.

To be sung in the old ancient sort, or else to the
Tune of Labandalashot.

(land,
When as King Edgar did gouerne this
adowne, adowne, downe, down, down,
And in the strength of his yeeres did stand,
call him downe a.

Such praise was spred of a gallant Dame,
Which did through England carry great fame,
And she a Lady of noble degree.

The Earle of Deuonshires daughter was she,
The King which lately had buried his Queene,
And not long time had a Widower bene.

Hearing this praise of this gallant Maid,
Upon her beauty his love he laid
And in his sighes he would often say,
I will go send for that Lady gay:

Yea, I will go send for that Lady bright,
Which is my treasure and delight:

Whose beauty like to Phoebus beames,
Doth glister through all Christian Realmes.

And

The Garland of good Will.

Then to himselfe he would reply,
Saying, how fond a Prince am I,
To cast my loue so base and low,
Vpon a Gytle I do not know,
King Edgar will his fancy frame,
To loue some p'celesse Princely Dame,
The daughter of a royall King,
That may a worthy dewy bring:
Whose matchlesse beauty brought in place,
May Estrilds colour cleane disgrace.
But senselesse man what do I meane,
Vpon a broken ræde to leane:
O! what fond fury doth me mone
Thus to abase my dearest Loue?
Whose visage grac't with heauenly hue
Doth Helens honour quite subdue.
The glozy of her beauties pride,
Sweet Estrilds fauour doth deride.
Then pardon my vnseemely speech
Deare loue and Lady I beseech,
For I my thoughts will henceforth frame,
To spread the honour of thy name.
Then vnto him he cal'd a kni'ght,
Which was most trusty in his sight,
And vnto him thus did he say:
To Carle Orgarus go thy way,
Where aske for Estrilds comely Dame,
Whose beauty went so farre by fame,

The Garland of good Will.

And if then find her comely grace,
As Fame hath spread in every place:
Then tell her Father she shall be
My crowned Quene if she agree.
The Knight in message did proceed,
And into Devonshire with speed:
But when he saw the Lady bright,
He was so ravisht at her sight,
That nothing could his passion move,
Except he might obtaine her love:
For day and night while there he staid,
He courted still this peerlesse Maid:
And in his suit he shewed such skill,
That at the length won her good will.
Forgetting quite the duty tho,
Which he vnto the King did owe:
Then comming home vnto his Grace,
He told him with dissembling face,
That these reporters were too blame,
That so aduanc'd that Maidens name.
For I assure your Grace quoth he,
She is as other women be:
Her beauty of such great report,
No better then the common sort,
And farre vnmeet in euery thing,
To match with such a Noble King.
But though her face be nothing faire,
Yet sith she is her Fathers heire,

The Garland of good Will.

Perhaps some Lord of high degré.
Would very faine her husband be:
Then if your Grace would give consent,
I would my selfe be well content,
The Damosell for my wife to take,
For her great Lands and Livings sake.
The King whom thus he did deceiue,
Incontinent did give him leaue:
For on that point he did not stand,
For why he had no need of Land.
Then being glad he went his way,
And wedded straight that Lady gay:
The fairest creature bearing life,
Had this false Knight vnto his wife:
And by that match of high degré,
And Carle sone after that was he.
Ere he long time had married bene,
That many had her beauty sene:
Her praise was spred both farre and neare
The King againe thereof did heare:
Who then in heart did plainely proue,
He was betrayed of his loue.
Though thereof he was vexed sore,
Yet seem'd he not to griue therefore,
But kept his countenance good and kinde,
As though he bare grudge in minde.
But on a day it came to passe,
When as the King full merry was,

The Garland of good Will.

To Echelwood in sport he said,
I muse what chere there would be made,
If to thy house I should resort,
A night or two for Princely sport:
Vereat the Carle shewd countenance glad,
Though in his heart he was sore sad:
Saying Your Grace shall welcome be,
If to your grace would honour me.
When as the day appointed was,
Before the King did thither passe,
The Carle before hand did prepare,
The Kings comming to declare:
And with a countenance passing grim,
He cal'd his Lady vnto him.
Saying with sad and heauy cheare
I pray you when the King comes here,
Sweet Lady as you tender us,
Let your attire but homely be,
Nor wash not thou thine Angels face,
But do thy beauty cleane disgrace:
Thereto thy gesture so apply
It may seme lothsome to the eye.
For if the King should there behold,
Thy glorious beauty so extold:
Then should my life some shortned be,
For my deserts and trechery.
When to thy Father first I came,
Though I did not declare the same,

The Garland of good Will.

Yet was I put in trust to bring,
The sayfull tydings to the King:
Who for thy glorious beauty scene,
Did thinke of thee to make his Queene:
But when I had thy person found,
Thy beauty gaue me such a wound,
No rest nor comfort could I take,
Till you sweet lone my grieve did slake:
And thus, though duty charged me,
Most faithfull to my Lord to be:
Yet loue upon the other side,
Bad for my selfe I should prouide:
Then for my suit and seruice shewne,
At length I won you for mine owne.
And for your loue and wedlocke spent,
Your choice you need no whit repent.
Then sith my grieve I haue exprest,
Sweet Lady grant me my request.
Good words she gaue with smiling cheare,
Husling at that which she did heare:
And casting many things in mind,
Great fault herewith she seem'd to finde:
But in her selfe she thought it shame:
To make that soule which God did frame:
Most costly robes full rich therefore,
In bruest sort that day she wore:
Doing all things that ere she might,
To set her beauty forth to sight.

The Garland of good Will.

And her best skill in euery thing,
She shewed to entertaine the King:
Whereby the King so snared was,
That reason quite from him did passe:
His heart by her was set on fire,
He had to her a great desire:
And for the lookes he gaue her then,
For euery looke she lent him ten:
Wherefore the King perceiued plaine,
His loue and lookes were not in vaine.
Upon a time it chanced so,
The King he would a hunting goe,
And as they through a Wood did ride,
The Carle on horsebacke by his side:
For so the story telleth plaine,
That with a shaft the Carle was slaine
So when that he had lost his life,
He tooke the Damsell vnto wife,
Who married her all shame to shunne,
By whom he did beget a son.
Thus he that did the King deceiue,
Did by desert this death receiue:
Then to conclude and make an end,
Be true and faithfull to thy friend.

FINIS.

How Couentry was made free by Godina,
Countesse of Chester.

To the tune of Prince Arthur died at Ludlow.

L Eofricus the Noble Earle,
Of Chester as I reade,
Dio for the City of Couentry,
Many a noble dæd.
Great priuiledges for the towne
This Nobleman did get.
And of all things did make it so,
That they tole free did sit:
Saue onely that for hoyses still,
They did some custome pay:
Which was great charges to the towne,
Full long and many a day.
Wherefoze his wife Godina faire,
Did of the Earle request,
That theretofore he would make it free
As well as all the rest.
So when the Lady long had sued,
Her purpose to obtaine:
Her noble Lord at length she toke,
Within a pleasant baine.

The Garland of good Willi.

And vnto him with smiling cheare,
She did forthwith proceed,
Entreating greatly that he would
Performe that goodly deed.
You mone me much faire dame (quoth he)
Your suit I faine would thanne:
But what would you performe and do,
To haue this matter done?
Why any thing, my Lord quoth she,
You will with reason craue:
I will performe it with good will,
If I my will may haue.
If thou wilt grant one thing he said,
Which I shall now require,
So soone as it is finished,
Thou shalt haue thy desire.
Command what you thinke good, my Lord,
I will thereto agree:
On that condition that this Towne,
For euer may be free.
If thou wilt strip thy clothes off,
And here wilt lay them downe,
And at noone day on horse backe ride
Starke naked through the Towne,
They shall be free for euermore:
If thou wilt not do so,
More liberty then now they haue,
I neuer will bestow.

The Garland of good Will.

The Lady at this strange demand,
Was much abaſht in mind :
And yet for to fulfill this thing,
She neuer a whit repind.
Wherefore to all the Officers,
Of all the Towne ſhe ſent:
That they perceiuing her good will.
Which for the weale was bent.
That on the day that ſhe ſhould ride,
All perſons through the Towne,
Should keep their houſes, and ſhut their doores,
And clap their windowes downe.
So that no creature yong or old,
Should in the ſtreet be ſene:
Till ſhe had ridden all about,
Throughout the City cleane,
And when the day of riding came,
No perſon did her ſee,
Sauing her Lord: after which time,
The towne was euer free.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.



5.

How the Dukes daughter of Cornwall being married vnto King Locrine, was by him put away, and a strange Lady whom he better loued, hee married, and made her his Queene, and how his wife was auenged.

To the Tune of, in Crete.

Vhen Humber in his wrathfull rage,
King Albanacke in field had slaine:
Those bloudy broiles for to asswage,
King Locrine then applyed his paine:
And with an host of Brittaines stout,
At length he found King Humber out.

At bantage great he met him then,
And with his host beset him so,
That he destroy'd his warlike men,
And Humberes power did ouerthrow:
And Humber which for feare did flie,
Leapt into a Riuer desperately.

And being drowned in the deepe,

We

The Garland of good Will.

He left a Lady there aline,
Which sadly did Lament and weepe,
For feare they should her life deprive:
But by her face that was so faire,
The King was caught in Cupids snare.

He tooke this Lady to his lone,
Who secretly did keepe her still:
So that the Quene did quickly proue,
The King did beare her small good will:
Which though in wedlocke late begun,
He had by her a gallant sonne.

Quene Guendoline was gried'd in minde,
To see the King was altered so:
At length the cause she chanc't to finde,
Which brought her to most bitter woe.
For Estrild was his ioy (God wot)
By whom a daughter he begot.

The Duke of Cornwall being dead,
The Father of that Gallant Quene:
The King with lust being overled,
His lawfull wife he cast off cleane:
Who with her beare and tender sonne,
For succour did to Cornewall runne.

Then Leoline crowned Estrild bright,

And

The Garland of good Will.

And made of her his lawfull wife,
With her which was his hearts delight,
He thought to leade a pleasant life:
Thus Guendoline as one forlozne,
Was of her husband held in scozme.

But when the Coznish men did know,
The great abuse she did endure:
With her a number great did go,
Which she by prayers did procure:
In battell then they marcht along,
For to redresse this gricuous wrong.

And neare a Riner called Store,
The King with all his host she met:
Where both the armies fought ful foze,
But the Queene the field did get:
Yet ere they did the conquest gaine,
The King was with an arrow slaine.

Then Guendoline did take in hand,
Untill her sonne was come to age:
The gouernment of all the Land.
But first her fury to asswage,
She did command the souldiers wild,
To drowne both Efrild and her child.

Ascontinent then they did bying,

Faire

The Garland of good Will.

Faire Estrild to the Rivers side,
And Sabine Daughter to a King,
Whom Guendoline could not abide:
Who being bound together fast,
Into the River they were cast.

And euer since that running streame,
Wherein the Ladies drowned were:
Is called Severne thzough the Realme,
Because that Sabine dyed there.
Thus they that did to letwanelle bend,
Were bzought vnto a wofall end.

FINIS.

6.

A song of Queene Isabel, wife to King Edward the second, how by the Spencers shee was constrained secretly to goe out of England with her eldest sonne, Prince Edward, to seeke for succour in France, and what hapned vnto her in her journey.

Proud were the Spencers, and of condition ill
All England and the King likewise,
They ruled at their will:
And many Lords and nobles of this Land,
Thzough

The Garland of good Will.

Through their occasion lost their liues,
and none did them withstand:
And at the last they did increase their grieſe,
Betwene the King and Iſabel,
his Queene and faithfull wiſe.
So that her life ſhe dreaded wondrous ſore,
And caſt within her ſecret thoughts,
ſome preſent helpe thereſore.

(ſage.

Thus ſhe requeſts with countenance graue and
That ſhe to Thomas Beckers tombe,
might go on Pilgrimage.
Then being ioyfull to haue that happy chance,
Her ſonne and ſhe tooke ſhip with ſped,
and ſailed vnto France.
And royally ſhe was receiued then,
By the King and all the reſt,
of Pères and Noblemen.
And vnto him at laſt ſhe did expreſſe,
The cauſe of her arriuall there,
her grieſe and heauineſſe.

When as her brother her grieſe did vnderſtand
He gaue her leaue to gather men,
throughout his famous Land:
And made diſ promiſe to aid her euermore,
As ought as ſhe could ſtand in need,
with Gold and Silver ſtore.

But

The Garland of good Will.

But when indeed he should performe the same,
He was as farre from doing it,
as when she thither came. (greene,
And did proclaime while matters yet were
That none on paine of death should go
to aide the English Quene.

This alteration did greatly grieue the Quene,
That downe along her comely face,
the bitter teares were seene.
When she percein'd her friends forsake her so,
She knew not for her safety
which way to turne or go:
But through good hap at last she then decreed,
To seeke in fruitfull Germanie,
some succour in this need.
And to Sir Iohn Henault then went she,
Who entertain'd this wofull Quene,
with great solemnity.

(plaind,
And with great sorrow to him she then com-
Of all her griefes and iniuries
which she of late sustain'd: (light
So that with weeping she dim'd her Princely
The summe whereof did greatly grieue,
that noble courteous Knight: (be,
Who made an Oath, he would her Champion
And in her quarrell spend his blood:
from

The Garland of good Will.

From wrong to set her free:
And all my friends with whom I may pꛛeuaille
Shall helpe for to aduance your state,
whose truth no time shall faile.

And in this promise most faithfull he was found
And many Lords of great account,
was in this voyage bound.

So setting forward with a goodly traine,
At length through Gods especiall grace,
into England they came.

At Harwich then when they were come ashore,
Of English Lords and Barons bold,
there came to her great store.

Which did reioyce the Quænes afflicted heart,
That English Nobles in such sort,
come to take her part.

When as King Edward hereof did vnderstand,
How that the Quæne with such a power,
was entred on his Land. (p. ,

And how his Nobles were gone to take her
He fled from London presently,
Euen with a heavy heart:

And with the Spencers did vnto Wyssell goe,
To fortifie that Gallant Towne,
great cost he did bestow:

Leaving behind to gouerne London Towne

The

The Garland of good Will.

The stout Bishop of Creter,
whose pride was soone pul'd downe.

The Mayor of London with citizens great sort;
The Bishop and the Spencers both,
in hearts they did abhorre:
Therefore they took him without feare & dread,
And at the Standard in Cheapside,
they soone smote off his head.
Unto the Quene this message then they sent.
The City of London was
at her commandement:
Therefore the Quene with all her companie,
Did straight to Wyke march amaine,
whereas the King did lye.

When she besieg'd the City round about,
Threatning sharpe and cruell death
to those that were so stout: (wiues,
Therefore the townsmen, their children & their
Did yeld the City to the Quene,
for safegard of their liues.
Where was toke, the story plaine doth tell,
Sir Hugh Spencer, and with him
the Carle of Arundel.
This iudgement iust the Nobles did set downe,
They should be drownd and hanged both,
in sight of Wyke Towne.

C

Then

The Garland of good Will.

Then was King Edward in the Castle there;
And young Hugh Spencer still with him,
in dread and deadly feare.
And being prepar'd from thence to saile away,
The winds were found so contrary,
they were inforc't to stay:
But at the last Sir Henry Beaumont Knight,
Did bring their sailing ship to shore,
and so did stay their flight:
And so these men were taken full speedily,
And brought as prisoners to the Quene,
which did in Bristow lye.

(bold,
The Quene by counsell of the Lords & Barons
To Barkely Castle sent the King,
there to be kept in hold. (cure,
And young Hugh Spencer that did much ill pro-
Was to the Marshall of the Hoast,
sent unto keeping sure.
And then the Quene to Hereford took her way,
With all her warlike company,
which late in Bristow lay.
And here behold how Spencer used was,
From towne to towne, even as the Quene
to Hereford did passe.

Upon a Jade which they by chance had found,
Young Spencer mounted was,

with

The Garland of good Will.

with legs and hands fast bound:
A written paper along as he did go,
Upon his head he had to weare,
which did his treason shew.
And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,
Certaine men with Reeden Pipes,
did blow befoze him still:
Thus was he led along in every place,
While many people did reioyce,
to see his great disgrace.

(come,

When unto Hereford our noble Queene was
She did assemble all the Lords
and Knights, both all and some: (had
And in their presence yong Spencer iudgement
To be both hang'd and quartered,
his treasons were so bad.
Then was the King deposed of his Crowne,
From rule and Princely dignitie,
the Lords did cast him downe.
And in his life his son both wise and sage,
Was crowned King of faire England,
at fiftene yeares of age.

FINIS.

C 2

A

The Garland of good Will.

7.

A Song of the banishment of two Dukes,
Hereford and Norfolk.

TWO Noble Dukes of great renowne,
that long had liu'd in fame,
Through hatefull ennie were cast downe,
and brought to sudden shame.
The Duke of Hereford was the one,
a prudent Prince and wise;
Gainst whom such malice there was shewne,
which some in sight did rise.

The Duke of Norfolk most vntrue,
declared to the King:
The Duke of Hereford greatly grew
in hatred of each thing,
Which by his grace was acted still,
against both high and low:
And how he had a trayterous will,
his state to overthrow.

The Duke of Hereford then in hast,
was sent for to the King:
And by his Lords in order plac't,
examined of each thing.
Which being guiltlesse of this crime,
which was against him laid:
The Duke of Norfolk at that time,

The Garland of good Will.

these words vnto him said.

How canst thou with a shamelesse face,
deny a truth so stout.

And here before his Royall Grace,
so falsly face it out?

Did not these treasons from thee passe,
when we together were,

Behn that the king vnworthy was
the royall Crowne to beare?

Wherefore my gracious Lord (gnoth he)
and you his Noble Peeres:

To whom I wish long life to be,
with many happy yeares.

I do pronounce before you all,
the Duke of Hereford here,
A traitor to our Noble King,
as time shall shew it cleare.

The Duke of Hereford hearing that
in mind was grieved much:

And did returne this answer flat,
which did Duke Norfolke touch.

The terme of traitor, trothlesse Duke,
in scoone and deepe disdain:

With flat defiance to thy face,
I do returne againe.

And therefore if it please your Grace,
to grant me leaue (quoth he)
To combate with my knowne foe,
that here accuseth me;
I do not doubt, but plainly pzone:
that like a perior'd Knight,
He hath most falsly sought my shame,
against all truth and right.

The King did grant this iust request,
and did therewith agræ:
At Coventry in August next,
this combate fought should be.
The Dukes on backed steeds full stout,
in coats of steele most bright:
With speares in rests did enter lists,
this combate fierce to fight.

The King then cast his warber downe,
commanding them to stay:
And with his Lords he counsell toke,
to stint that mortall fray.
At length vnto these noble Dukes,
the King of Herald's came,
And vnto them with lofty speech,
this sentence did proclaim.

Sir Henry Bullingbrooke this day,

The Garland of good Will.

the Duke of Hereford here,
And Thomas Moubray, Norfolkes Duke,
so baliant did appeare:
And baning in honourable sort,
repaired to this place:
Our noble King for speciall cause,
hath altered thus the case.

First, Henry Duke of Hereford,
ere fiftene dayes be past:
Shall part this Realme on paine of death,
while ten yeares space doth last.
And Thomas Duke of Norfolke, thou
that hast begun this strife,
And therefore no good p^rose canst bying,
I say, for terme of life.

By iudgement of our Soueraigne Lord
which now in place doth stand:
For evermore I banish thee,
out of thy native Land:
Charging thee on paine of death,
when fiftene dayes are past:
Thou neuer tread on English ground,
so long as life doth last.

Thus were they swoorne before the King,
ere they did further passe:

The Warland of good Will.

The one should neuer come in place,
whereas the other was.
Then both the Dukes with heauy hearts,
were parted presently:
Their vn:moth streames of froward chance,
in fozraigne Lands to try.

The Duke of Norfolke comming then,
where he should shipping take:
The bitter teares fell dōwne his cheeks,
and thus his mone did make.
Now let me sob and sigh my fill,
ere I from hence depart:
That inward pangs with speed may burst
my soze afflicted heart.

Ah cursed man whose loathed life
is held so much in scozne:
Whose company is cleane despis'd,
and life as one fozlozne.
Now take thy leaue and last adue,
of this thy country deare.
Which neuer moze thou must behold
nor yet approach it neare.

How happy should I count my selfe,
if death my heart had tozne:
That I might haue my bones entomb'd,

where

The Garland of good Will,

where I was bred and bozne,
O that by Neptune's wrathfull rage,
I might be prest to dye;
While that sweet Englands pleasant banks,
did stand befoze mine eye.

How sweet a sent hath English ground,
within my senses now
How saire vnto my outward sight,
seemes euery branch and bow.
The fields and flowers, the trees and stones,
seemes such vnto my mind:
That in all other Countries sore,
the like I shall not find.

Oh that the Sun with shining face,
would stay his Steeds by strength:
That this same day might stretched be
to twenty yeares of length:
And that the true perfozmed tide,
their hasty course would stay:
That Eolus would neuer yeld,
to beare me hence away.

That by the Fountaine of mine eye,
the fields might watred be:
That I might graue my grieuous plaints,
vpon each springing tree.

But

The Garland of good Will.

But time I see with Eagles wings,
too swift doth flye away:
And dusky cloudes begin to dim
the brightnesse of the day.

The fatall houre draweth on,
the winds and tides agree:
And now sweet England ouersone,
I must depart from thee.
The Mariners haue hoisted sailes,
and call to catch me in:
And now in wofull heart I seele,
my torments to begin.

Wherefoze farwell for evermoze,
sweet England vnto thee:
And farwell all my friends which I
again shall neuer see.
And England here I kisse thy ground
vpon my bended knee:
Whereby to shew to all the world,
how deare I loued thee.

This being said, away he went,
as fortune did him guide:
And at the length with griefe of heart,
in Venice there he died.
The Duke in dolefull sort,

The Garland of good Will,
did leade his life in France:
And at the last the mighty Lord,
did him full high aduance.

The Lords of England afterward,
did send for him againe:
While that King Richard at the warres,
in Ireland did remaine.
Who through the vile and great abuse,
which through his deeds did spring,
Deposed was, and then the Duke
was truly crowned King.

8.

The noble Acts of Arthur of the round
Table.

To the tune of, Flying Fame.

When Arthur first in Court began,
and was approued King:
By force of armes great victozies wan,
and conquest home did bring.
Then into Brittain straight he came,
where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired vnto him,
which were of the round Table.

An,

The Garland of good Will.

And many Jests and Turnaments,
besoze them there were dyest:
Where both knights did then excell
and farre surmount the rest.
But on Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approued well,
He in his sight and dedes of armes,
all other did excell:
When he had rested him a while,
to play to game and sport,
He though he would go proue himselse,
in some aduenturous sort.
He armed rode in Forrest wide,
and met a Damosell faire:
Who told him of adventures great,
whereunto he gane good care.
Why should I not quoth Lancelot tho,
for that cause came I hither:
Thou seemst, quoth she, a knight right good,
and I will bying thee thither:
Whereas the mightiest knights doth dwell,
that now is of great fame:
Wherefoze tell me what knight thou art,
and then what is thy name,
My name is Lancelot du Lake;
quoth she, it likes me than:
Here dwels a knight that neuer was
oze matcht with any man,

Who

The Garland of good Will.

Who hath in prison threescore Knights,
and foure that he hath won:
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
and of his Table round.

She brought him to a Rivers side,
and also to a tree:

Whereas a copper Basen hung,
his fellowes shields to see.

He stroke so hard the Basen broke,
when Tarquin heard the sound,
He dzone a horse befoze him straight,
whereon a Knight lay bound.

Sir Knight then said Sir Lancelot the,
bzing me that horse load hither:

And lay him dolone, and let him rest,
weele trie our force together.

And as I vnderstand, thou hast,
so farre as thou art able,

Done great despyght and shame vnto
the Knights of the round Table.

If thou be of the Table round,
(quoeth Tarquin spædily)

Both this and all thy fellowship,
I vtterly desie.

That's overmuch, quoeth Lancelot the,
defend thee by and by.

They put their spurs vnto their Steeds
and each at others lie.

Then

The Garland of good Will.

They coucht their speares, and horses ran,
as though there had bene thunder;
And each stroake then amidst the shield,
wherewith they brake in sunder.
Their horses backs brake vnder them,
the knights were both astound,
To void their horse, they made great hast
to light vpon the ground.
They took them to their shields full fast,
their swords they drew out than:
With mighty stroakes most eagerly,
each one to other ran:
They wounded were, and blew full sore,
for breath they both did stand,
And leaning on their swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I shall aske.
Say on, quoth Lancelot the:
Thou art quoth Tarquin, the best knight,
that ever I did know:
And like a knight that I did hate,
so that thou be not he.
I will deliuer all the rest,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well said, quoth Lancelot the:
but sith it must be so,
What is the knight thou hatest so,
I pray thee to me show?

The Garland of good Will.

His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he slew my brother deare;
Him I suspect of all the rest,
I would I had him here.
Thy with thou hast but now unknowne
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now Knight of Arthurs Table round,
King Haunds sonne of Benwake:
And I desie thee, do thy worst.
Ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho:
One of vs two shall end our liues,
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome shalt thou be:
Wherefore see thou thy selfe defend,
for now I thee desie.
They buckled then together so,
like two wilde Boares so rushing?
And with their swords and shields they ran
at one another lashing.
The ground besprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint:
For he gaue backe, and bore his shield
so low he did repent.
That some espied Sir Lancelot tho,
he leapt vnto him then:
He pul'd him downe vpon his knée,
and rushing off his Helme.

And

The Garland of good Will.

And he brake his necke in two
and when he had done so,
From prison threescore knights and four,
Tarquin deliuered tho.

FINIS.

9.

•A Song in praise of Women. To a pleasant new
Tune, called, My Valentine.

Among all other things
that God hath made beneath the skie,
Most gloriously to satisfie the curious eye
of mortall man withall;
The sight of Eue,
Did soonest fit his fancy:
Whose curtesie and amitie, most speedily,
had caught his heart in thral:
Whom he did loue so deare,
as plainly did appeare:
He made her Quene of all the world
and Mistresse of his heart:
Though after wards she wrought his woe,
his death and deadly smart,
What need I speake
Of matters passed long agoe: (low
Which all men know, I need not shew, to hie or
tho

The Garland of good Will.

the case it is so plaine, (fence
Although that Eue committed then so great of-
Ere she went hence,
A recompence in our defence,
she made mankinde againe:
For by her blessed seed
we are redēd indeed:
Why should not then all mortall men,
esteem of women well:
And loue their wiues even as their liues,
as nature doth compell.

A vertuous wife,
The Scripture doth commend and say:
That night and day, she is a stay from all decay.
to keepe her household still.
She bleth not
To giue her selfe to wandering,
Or flattering, or prattling, or any thing
to doe her neighbour ill:
But all her minde is bent,
his pleasures to content.
Her faithfull loue doth not remoue,
for any sorrowe or grieve,
Then is not he well blest thinkz ye,
that meets with such a wise

But now me thinkes,

to

The Garland of good Will.

I heare some men do say to me,
Few such there be in each degree and qualitie,
at this day to be found:
And now adayes,
Some wiues do set their whole delight,
Both day and night, with all dispiht to braue
their rage doth so abound. (and fight,
But sure I thinke and say,
here comes none such to day.
For do I know of any she,
that is within this place,
And yet for feare I dare not sweare,
it is so hard a case.

But to conclude,
For maids and wiues and virgins all,
Both great and small, in bowze or hall, to pray
so long as life doth last. (I shall
That they may liue,
With hearts content and perfect peace,
That ioyes increase may neuer cease, till death
the care that crept so fast: (release
For duty doth me binde,
To haue them all in mind:
Euen for her sake, that doth vs make
so merry to be scene:
The glozy of the small kind,
I meane our Noble Quene.
FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.

19.

A Song in praise of a single life, to the Tune of the
Ghosts hearse.

Some do write of bloody warres,
Some shewes the sundry iarres,
twixt men through enue raised:
Some in praise of Princes write,
Some sets their whole delight
to heare faire beauty blazed.
Some other persons are moued,
for to praise where they are loued:
And let louers praise beauty as they will;
Otherwayes I am intended:
True loue is little regarded,
And oftentime goes unrewarded,
then to auoid all strife,
Whereby the heart is not offended.

What suit and seruice too,
Is vsed by them that woo:
and all to purchase fauour,
Oh what grieke in heart and mind,
What sorrow do we find,
through womans fond behaviour:
Subiect to suffer each lowe,
and speeches both sharpe and lowe,

D 2

And

The Garland of good Will.

And labour, lone & cost, perchance its but all lost,
and no way to be amended:
And so to purchase pleasure,
And after repent by leysure,
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

To a man in wedded state
Doth happen much debate,
except Gods speciall fauour:
If his wife be prondly bent,
Oz secretly consent,
to any lewd behaniour:
If she be slothfull oz idle,
Oz such, as his tongue cannot bȳidle,
Then well were he,
If death his bane would be,
No sozrow else can be amended:
For loke how long he were liuing,
Euer moze would he be griening.
Then to auoid all strife, &c,

Married folke we often heare,
Euen through their childzen deare:
haue many causes of sozrowes,
If disobedient they be sonnd,
Oz false in any ground,
by their vnlawfull bozrowes,
To see such wicked fellowes,

thame

The Garland of good Will.

Shamefully come to the Gallowes.
Whom Parents with great care,
Nourished with dainty fare,
from their cradle truly tended,
When as the mother befoze them,
doth curse the day that ere she bore them.
Then to auoide all strife, &c.

Do we then behold and see,
When men and wines agree,
and liue and loue together:
Where the Lord hath sent them eke,
Fairst children mild and meke,
like flowers in Summers weather:
How greatly are they griued,
And will not by ioy be relieued,
if that death doth call,
Either wife or children small,
whom their vertues doe commend:
Their losses whom they thus loued,
from their hearts cannot be moued,
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

Who being in that happie state,
Would worke himselfe such hate
his fancy for to follow:
Or liuing here deuoid all strife,
Would take to him a wife:

The Garland of good Will.

for to procure his sorrow:
With carking and with caring,
Ouermore must be sparing:
Where he not worse then mad,
being merry would be sad?
Where he to be commended,
That ere would seeke such pleasure,
where griefe is all his treasure.
Then to auoid all strife, &c.

12.

The Widdowes solace, To the tune of
Robinsons Almaine.

Mourne no more faire widdow,
teares are all in vaine:
It is neither griefe nor sorrow,
can call the dead againe.
Mans well enough compared
to the Summer flower:
Which now is faire and pleasant,
yet withered in an houre.
And mourne no more in vaine,
as one whose faith is small:
Be patient in affliction,
and giue God thanks for all.

All men are bozne to dye,

the

The Garland of good Will.

the Scripture telleth plain.
Of earth we are created,
to earth we must againe,
It was neither Cressus treasure,
nor Alexanders fame,
Nor Salomon by wisdome,
that could deaths fury tame.
No Physicke might preserve them:
when nature did decay:
What man can hold for ever,
the thing that will away.
Then mourne no more, &c.

Though you haue lost your husband,
your comfort in distresse:
Consider God regardeth
the Widdowes heavinesse.
And hath straighly charged,
such as his childezen be,
The fatherlesse and widdow,
to shield from iniury.
Then mourne no moze, &c.

If he were true and faithfull,
and loving vnto thé:
Doubt not but theres in England,
enough as good as he.
But if that such affection,

James Sages is my nephew.

The Garland of good Will.

within his heart was none:
Then giue God praise and gloꝝ,
that he is dead and gone,
And mourne no moze, &c.

Receiue such sutoꝝ friendly,
as doth resoꝛt to thee:
Respect not the outward person,
but the inward grauity.
And with aduised iudgement,
chuse him aboue the rest:
Whom thou by pꝛoꝛse hast tried,
in heart to loue thee best.
Then mourne no moze, &c.

Then shalt thou leade a life,
crempt from all annoy:
And whensoever it chanceth,
I pray God giue thee ioy.
And thus I make an end,
with true humilitie,
In hope my simple solace
shall well accepted be.
Then mourne no moze in vaine, &c.

FINIS.

The Garland of good Will.

12.

A Gentlewomans complaint, in that she found her friend faithlesse, which should haue continued constant.

Faith is a figure standing now for nought:
Faith is a fancy w^{ch} ought to rest in thought.
Faith now a daies, as all the world may see,
Releth in few, and Faith is fled from thee.

Is there any Faith in strangers to be found?
Is there any Faith lies hidden in the ground?
Is there any Faith in men that buried be:
No, there is none, and Faith is fled from thee.

Fled is the Faith that might remaine in any,
Fled is the Faith that should remaine in many:
Fled is the Faith that should in any be.
Then farewell hope, for Faith is fled from thee.

From Faith I see, that euery one is flying:
From Faith I see that all things are a dying:
They flye from Faith, y^e most in Faith should be
And faithlesse thou, that brake thy Faith to me.

Thée haue I sought, but thée I could not finde,
Thou of all other, was most within my minde:
Thée haue I left, and I alone will be,
Because I finde that Faith is fled from thee.

Of

The Garland of good Will.

12.

Of a Prince of England, who wooed the Kings
daughter of France, and how he was flaine, and
she after married to a Forrester.

To the Tune of Crimson veluet.

In the dayes of old,
When faire France did flourish:
Stories plainly tell,
Lovers felt annoy,
The King a Daughter had,
Beautious, bright, and lovely,
Which made her Father glad,
She was his onely toy.
A Prince of England came,
Whose deeds did merit fame:
He wooed her long, and loe at last,
Looke what she did require,
She granted his desire,
their hearts in one were linked fast.
Which when her Father proued,
Lozd how he was moued,
and tormented in his mind:
He sought for to pzenent them,
And to discontent them,
fortune crosses Lovers kind.

When

The Garland of good Will.

When the Princes twaine,
Were thus lard of pleasure:
Through the Kings disdaine,
Which their ioyes withheld.
The Lady got by close,
Her iewels and her treasure,
Hauing no remorse,
Of state or royall Bloud.
In homely poore array,
She got from Court away,
To meet her ioy and hearts delight:
Who in a Forrest great,
Had taken by his seat,
To wait her comming in the night.
But see what sudden danger,
To this Princely stranger,
Chanced as he sat alone:
By Out-lawes was he robbed,
And with poyards stabbed,
Uttering many a dying groane.

The Princesse armed by him,
And by true desire:
Wandring all the night,
Without dread at all.
Stil unknowne she passed,
In her strange attire,
Comming at the last,

The Garland of good Will.

in the echoes call.

You faire woods, quoth she,
Honoured may you be,
harbouring my hearts delight,
Which doth compasse here,
My ioy and onely déere,
my trusty friend and knight,
Swéet I come vnto thee,
Swéet I come to woe thee,
that thou maist not angry be:
For my long delaying,
And thy courteous staying,
mends for all Ile make to thee.

Passing thus along,
Through the silent Forrest,
Many grienous groanes,
sounded in her eares:
Where shee heard a man,
To lament the sorest,
That was euer sene,
forced by deadly feare:
Farewell my deare, quoth he,
Whom I shall neuer see:
for why my life is at an end:
Through villaines cruelty,
So here for thee I dye,
to shew I am a faithfull friend,

The Garland of good Will.

Here I lye a bléding,
While my thoughts are séding,
on thy rarest beauty found.
I hard hap that may be,
Little knowes my Lady,
my heart blond lyes on the ground.

With that he gaue a groane,
Which did burst in sander,
All the tender strings
of his bléding heart.
She which knew his voice,
At his tale did wonder:
All her former toy,
did to grieve conuert.
Straight she ran to see,
Who this man should be,
that so like her lone did speake:
And found when as she came,
Her lonely Lord layaine,
all smear'd in blond, which life did breake.

When this deed she spied,
Lord how sore she cryed:
Her sorrow cannot counted be,
Her eyes like fountaines running,
While she cryed out my Darling,
I would that I had dyed for thee.

His

The Garland of good Will.

His pale lips alas,
Twenty times she kissed,
And his face did wash,
With her trickling teares.

Every bleeding wound,
Her faire eyes bedewed,
Wiping of the blood
With her golden haire.
Speake faire Prince to me,
One sweet word of comfort give:
Lift vp thy faire eyes,
Listen to my cries,
thinke in what great grieve I lye.
All in vaine she sued,
All in vaine biewed,
the Princes life was dead and gone,
There stood shee still mourning,
Till the Sunnes approachi ng,
and bright day was comming on.

In this great distresse,
Quoth the royall Lady,
Who can now expresse,
what will become of me:
To my Fathers Court,
Will I neuer wander,
But some service take.

where

The Garland of good Will.

where I might placed be:
And thus she made her mone,
Weeping all alone,
all in dread and dreadfull feare.
A Forrester all in graine,
Most comely to be seene,
ranging the woods did find her there,
Round beset with sorrow,
Paide, quoth he, good morrow,
what hard hap hath brought you here?
Harder hap did neuer,
Chance to maiden euer,
here lies slaine my brother deare.

Where might I be placed,
Gentle Forrester tell me:
Where should I procure
a service in my care.
Paines I will not spare,
But will do my duty,
Ease me of my care,
helpe my extremes need.
The Forrester all amazed,
On her beauty gazed,
till his heart was set on fire.
If faire Paide quoth he,
You will go with me,
You shall haue your hearts desire.

The Garland of good Will.

He brought her to his mother,
And about all other,
 he sets forth this maidens praise.
Long was his heart enflamed,
At last her love he gained:
 thus did he his glory raise.

Thus unknowne he matched,
With the Kings faire Daughter:
Children seven he had,
 ere he knew the same:
But when he understood,
She was a royall Princeesse,
By this meanes at last,
 he shewed forth her fame.
He cloath'd his Children then,
Not like other men,
 in party colours strange to see:
The left side cloth of Gold,
The right side now behold,
 of wollen cloth still framed be.
Men hereat did wonder,
Golden fame did thunder
 this strange deed in every place.
The king of France came thither,
Being pleasant weather,
 in the woods the Hart to chase.

The Garland of good Will.

The children then did stand,
As their Father willed,
Where the Royall King,
must of force come by.

Their Mother richly clad,
In faire Crimson velvet:
Their Father all in gray,
comely to the eye.

Then the famous King
Poted every thing,
asking how he durst be so bold,
To let his wife to weare,
And decke his children there,
in costly robes in cloth of gold,
The Forrester both replied,
And the cause descried,
to the King thus did he say:
Well may they by their Mother,
Weare rich gold like other,
being by birth a Princesse gay.

The King vpon these words,
More heedfully beheld them:
Till a Crimson blush,
his conceit did crosse
The more I looke, he said,
On thy wife and children,
The more I call to mind,

The Garland of good Will.

my Daughter whom I lost.
I am that Child (quoth she)
Falling on her knee,
pardon me my Sovereigne Liege.
The King perceiuing this,
His Daughter deare did kisse,
and ioyfull teares did stop his speech:
With his traine he turned,
And with her sojourned,
straight way he dub'd her husband Knight,
Then made him Earle of Flanders,
One of his chiefe Commanders:
thus was his sorow put to flight. Finis

Of the faithfull friend'ship that lasted betwene
two faithfull friends. To the Tune of
Flying Fame.

If statelv Rome sometimes did dwell
a man of noble Fame:
Who had a sonne of seemely shape,
Alphonso was his name:
When he was growne & come to age,
his father thought it best,
To send his sonne to Athens faire,
where wisdomes Schoole did rest.
And when he was to Athens come,

The Garland of good Will.

god Lectures for to learne.
A place to board him with delight,
his freinds did well discerne,
A noble Knight of Athens Towne,
of him did take the charge,
Who had a sonne Ganselo call'd,
lust of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
in fauour, speech and face:
In qualitie and condition eke,
they grew in euery place.
So like they were in all respects,
the one vnto the other:
They were not knowne but by their name,
of father nor of mother.

And as in fauour they were found
alike in all respects:
Euen so they did most dearely lone,
as prou'd by good respect.
Ganselo loned a Lady faire,
which did in Athens dwell,
Who was in beauty p'fecte sound,
so farre she did excell.

Upon a time it chanced so,
as fancy did him moue:

© 2

That

The Garland of good Will.

That he would visit for delight,
his Ladie and his loue:
And to his true and faithfull friend,
he did declare the same:
Asking of him if he would see,
that faire and comely Dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
and with Ganselo went:
To see the Ladie whom he lou'd,
which bred his discontent.
But when he cast his Christall eyes
vpon her Angels hue:
The beauty of that Ladie bright,
did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was,
with that faire Ladies face,
That afterward he daily li'd
in sad and wofull case.
And of his grieve he knew not how
thercof to make an end:
For that he knew the Ladies loue,
was yelued to his friend.

Thus being soze perplext in mind,
vpon his bed he lay:
Like one which death and deepe dispaire.

The Garland of good Will:

had almost woꝛne away,
His friend Ganselo that did see,
his grieve and great distresse:
At length requested for to know
his cause of heavinesse.

With much adoe at length he told
the truth vnto his friend:
Who did release his inward woe,
with comfort in the end.
Take courage then deare friend, quoth he,
though she through loue be mine:
By right I will resigne to thee,
the Lady shall be thine.

You know our fauours are alike,
our speech alike likewise:
This day in mine apparell then,
you shall your selfe disguise.
And vnto Church then shall you goe,
directly in my sted:
So though my friends suppose tis I,
you shall the Lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
and as they had decreed:
He went next day, and wedded plain,
the Lady there indeed.

The Garland of good Will.

But when the Nuptiall Feast was done,
and Pncebus quite was fled,
The Lady for Ganselo toke
Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
and when the day was come,
A Post for faire Alphonso came,
to fetch him home to Rome.

Then was the matter plainly prou'd,
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo, to that Dame,
which wrought great wo alas.

Alphonso being gone to Rome,
with his Lady gay:

Ganseloc's friends and kindred all,
in such a rage did stay,
That they depriu'd him of his wealth,
his lands and rich attyre.

And banish him their Country quite,
in rage and wrathfull yre.

With sad and pensive thoughts alas,
Ganselo wandred then,

Who was constrain'd through want to beg
reliefe of many men.

In this distresse oft would he say,
to Rome I meane to go:

To seeke Alphonso my deare friend,

The Garland of good Will.

Who will relieue my uos.

To Rome when poze Ganselo came,
and found Alphonsoes place,
Which was so famous huge & faire,
himselfe in such poze case:
He was ashamed to shew himselfe,
in that his poze array:
Saying, Alphonso knowes me well,
if he should come this way.

Wherefore he staid within the street
Alphonso then came by,
But he ded not Ganselo poze,
his frind that stood so nie.
Which grieved Ganselo to the heart:
goth he, and is it so?
Doth proud Alphonso now disdain,
his friends in need to knowe?

In despera's sozt away he went,
into a Barne hard by:
And presently he drew his knife,
thinking thereby to dye.
And bitterly in sorow there
he did lament and wepe:
And being overwaped with grise,
he there fell fast asleepe.

The Garland of good Will.

Where soundly there he sweetly slept,
came in a murdering thiefe,
And with a naked knife, lay by
this man so full of griefe.
The knife so bright he tooke vp straight
and went away amaine:
And thrust it in a murdered man,
which he befoze had slaine.

And after ward he went with speed,
and put this bloudie knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
to saue himselfe from strife.
Which done, in haste away he ran,
and when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloudie knife,
was for the murder staid.

And brought befoze the Magistrates,
who did confesse most platne,
That he indeed with that same knife,
the murdered man had slaine.
Alphonso sitting there as Judge,
and knowne Ganseloes face:
To saue his friend, did say, himselfe
was guiltie in that case.

Done, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the man,

The Garland of good Will.

my Lord but onely I:
And therefore set this poore man free,
and let me iustly die.
Thus while for death these faithfull friends,
in striving did proceed:
The man before the Senate came,
Which did the fact indeed.

Who being moued with remorse,
their friendly hearts to see:
Did prone before the Judges plaine,
none did the fact but he.
Thus when the truth was plainly told,
of all sides ioy was scene:
Alphonso did embrace his friend,
which had so woofull bene.

In rich array he clothed him,
as fitted his degree:
And helpt him to his lands againe,
and former dignity,
The murtherer he for telling truth:
had pardon at that time:
Who after ward lamented much,
this foule and grienous crime.

FINIS.



The second part of the Garland of good Will.

I.

A pastorall Song, To the tune of,
Heigh ho, Holiday.

Vpon a Downe where shepheards keepe,
piping pleasant Layes:

Two Country maids were tending sheepe,
and sweetly chanted Roundelapes.

Three shepheards, each an Oaten Keepe,
blaming Cupids cruell wrong,

Unto these rurall Pimphs agreed,
to keepe a tunefull vnder-song.

And for they were in number fve,

Musickes number sweet:

And we the like let vs contrine,
to sing their song in order meet.

Faire Phillis part Ile take to me,
the gainst louing Hindees complaines:

And Amarillis thou shalt be,
she defends the shepheards swaines.

Ph. Fie on the sleights that men deuile.

Sh. Heigh ho, silly sleights.

Ph

The Garland of good Will.

Ph. When simple maides they would entice.
Sh. Maids are young mens chiefe delights,
Am. Nay, women they witch with their eyes.
Sh. Eyes like beames of burning Sunne.
Am. And men once caught they soon despise.
Sh. So are Sheapheards oft vndone.

Ph. If any young man win a maid.
Sh. Happie man is he.
Ph. By trusting him she is betrato.
Sh. Fie vpon such trechery.
Am. If maids win yong men with their guiles.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, guilefull grieffe.
Am. They deale like weeping Crocodiles:
Sh. That murther men without reliefe.

Ph. I know a silly Country Hind.
Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, silly Swaine.
Ph. To whom faire Daphne proued kind.
Sh. Was not he kind to her againe?
Ph. He bowed to Pan with many an oath.
Sh. Heigh ho, sheapheards God is he.
Am. Yet since hath chang'd and broke his troth.
Sh. Troth-plight broke will plagued be.

Am. She had deceined many a Swaine.
Sh. Fie vpon such false deceit.
Am. And plighted troth to them in baine.

Sh.

The Garland of good Will.

Sh. There can be no grieſe more great.

Am. Her meaſure was with meaſure paid.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, equall mēd.

Am. She was beguiled that was betraid.

Sh. So ſhall all deceivers ſpēd.

Phil. If euery maid were like to me.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, hard of heart.

Phi. Both loue and louers ſcozn'd ſhould be.

Sh. Scozn'ers ſhould be ſure of ſmart.

Am. If euery maid were of my mind.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, louely ſweet.

Am. They to their louers ſhould proue kind.

Sh. Bindeneſſe is for maidens meet.

Ph. He thinkes loue is an idle toy.

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, buſie paine.

Ph. Both wit and ſenſe it doth annoy.

Sh. Both wit and ſenſe thereby we gaine.

Am. Tuſh Phillis ceaſe, be not ſo coy,

Sh. Heigh ho, heigh ho, coy diſdaine.

Am. I know you loue a Sheapheards boy,

Sh. Fie that women ſo can faine.

Ph. Well Amarillis, now I yield.

Sh. Sheapheards ſweetly pipe aloud.

Ph. Loue conquers both in towne and field.

Sh. Like a tyrant fierce and proude.

Am.

The Garland of good Will.

Am. The Evening Starre is by we see.

Sh. Vesper shines we must away.

Ph. Would every Louer would agré.

Sh. So we end our Roundelay,

2.

Of patient Grissell, and a Noble Marquesse: To
the tune of, The Brides good morrow.

A Noble Marquesse, as he did ride a hunting
hand by a Kiuers side:

A proper Maiden, as she did sit a spinning,
his gentle eye had spide,

Most faire & louely, and of comely grace was she,
although in simple attire: (dionly,

She sung full swæt, with pleasant voyce mels,
which set the Lords heart on fire.

The more he lookt, the more he might,

Beautie byed his hearts delight.

and to this daintie Damsell then he went,

God spæd (quoth he) thou famous Flower,

Faire Mistresse of this homely bower,

where loue & vertue limes with swæt content.

With comely gesture, & modest fine behauiour,

he had him welcome then:

She entertain'd him in faithfull friendly maner
and all his Gentlemen.

The

The Garland of good Will.

The noble Marques in his hart felt such a flame
which set his senses at strife: (thy name.
Quoth he, faire Maiden shew me soone what is
I meane to make thee my wife.
Grissel is my name, quoth she,
Farre vnfit for your degré,
a silly Maiden and of parents poore.
Say Grissel, thou art rich, he said,
A vertuous, faire, and comely maid,
grant me thy loue, and I will aske no more.

At length she consented, a being both contented,
they married with speed:
Her country russet was chang'd to silke & belnet
as to her state agreed.
And when that she was trimly tired in the same
her beauty shined most bright:
Far staining every other haue & comely Dame,
that did appeare in her sight,
Many enuied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poore,
and twirt her Lord & the great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
Some did call her beggars brat,
and to her Lord they would her oft dispraise.

O noble Marques (qd. they) why do you wrong
thus basely for to wed:
(vs,
That

The Garland of good Will.

That might haue gotten an honourable Lady
into your Princely bed:
Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
which shall be hereafter bezne,
That are of blond so base by their mothers side,
the which will bring them in scozne:
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a Lady gay,
whereby your Linage may renowned be.
Thus euery day they seeme to prate,
That malic'd Grissels good estate,
who toke all this most mild and patiently.

(bent thus
When that the Marques did see that they were
against his faithfull wife,
Whom most dearly tenderly, and entirely,
he loued as his life:
Spining in secret for to proue her patient heart
thereby her foes to disgrace:
Thinking to play a hard discourteous part,
that men might pittie her case.
Great with child this Lady was,
And at length it came to passe,
two goodly children at one birth she had.
A sonne and daughter God had sent,
Which did their Father well content, (glad
and which did make their mothers heart full
Great

The Garland of good Will.

Great royall Feastings was at their Childzens
and Princely triumph made: (christning,
Six weekes together, all Nobles that came thi-
were entertained and staid. (ther,
And when that all these pleasant sportings quite
the Marquesse a messenger sent (were done,
For his yong daughter, & his pretty smiling son
declaring his full intent:

Now that the Babes must murdered be,
For so the Marquesse did decree:
come, let me haue the children, then he said,
With that faire Grissell wept full soze,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
my gracious Lord must haue his will obeyd.

She tooke the Babies from the nurking Ladies,
betwene her tender armes:
She often wishes, with many sorrowfull kisses,
that she might helpe their harmes.
Farwell, farwell, quoth she, my children dére,
neuer shall I see you againe:
Tis long of me your sad & wofull mother here,
for whose sake ye must be slaine:
Had I bene borne of Royall race,
You might haue li'd in happie case:
but you must die for my unworthinesse,
Come messenger of death, said she,
Take my despised Babes to thee,

The Garland of good Will.

and to their father my complaints expresse.

He tooke the children, and to his Noble Master
he brought them forth with speed:

Who secret sent them vnto a noble Lady,
to be nurst by indeed.

Then to faire Grissel wth a heauy heart he goes,
where she sate mildly alone:

A pleasant gesture and a louely looke she shewes
as if grieve she had neuer knowne.

Quoth he, my children now are slaine,

What thinkes faire Grissel of the same,

Sweet Grissel now declare thy mind to me.

With you my Lord are pleas'd with it,

Poorer Grissel thinks the action fit,

both I and mine at your command will be.

My Nobles murmur, faire Grissel, at thy hono^r
and I no ioy can haue: (sence,

Till thou be banisht both from my Court & pre^s
as they vniustly craue:

Thou must be stript out of thy stately garments
and as thou camst vnto me,

In homely gray, in sted of White and purest Pal,
now all thy clothing must be.

My Lady thou shalt be no more,

For I thy Lord, which grieues me sore,

the poorest life must now content thy mind.

The Garland of good Will;

A groat to thee I may not giue,
Thee to maintaine while I do liue;
against my Grissel such great foes I find.

When gentle Grissel heard those wofull tidings
the teares stood in her eyes:
She nothing said, no words of discontentment
did from her lips arise.

Her veluet gowne most patiently she slipt off,
her kirtle of silke with the same: (a scoffe,
Her russet gown was brought again with many
to beare them all her selfe she did frame.

When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away:

God send long life vnto my Lord, quoth she:
Let no offence be found in this.

To giue my Lord a parting kis:
with watered eyes, farewell my déere (qd. he)

From stately Palace vnto her Fathers cottage,
poore Grissel now is gone:

Full fifténe winters, she liued there contented,
no wrong she thought vpon. (went,

And at that time through al the land y^e speeches
the Marquesse should married be,
Vnto a Lady great of high descent,
and to the same all parties did agré.
The Marquesse sent for Grissel faire,

The Garland of good Will.

The Brides bed-chamber to prepare,
that nothing should therein be found awry.

The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some,
and Grissel took all this most patiently.

(wedded,

And in the morning when that they should be
her patience now was tried:

Grissel was charged her selfe in princely manner
for to attire the Bride.

Most willingly she gave consent vnto the same,
the Bride in her bzanery was drest:

And presently the noble Marques thither came,
with all his Lords at his request.

Oh Grissel, I would aske of thee:

If thou to this match would agree,

me thinks thy looks are wahren wondrous coy?

With that they began all to smile,

And Grissel she replies the while:

God send Lord Marquesse many yeres of ioy:

The Marques was moued, to see his best beloved
thus patient in distresse: (ued

He stept vnto her, and by the hand he took her,
these words he did expresse. (to haue.

Thou art the Bride. & all the Brides I meane
these two thine owne children be: (crang

The youthfull Lady on her knees did blessing

The Garland of good Will.

yet brother as willing as she,
And you that enuy her estate,
Whom I haue made my louing mate,
now blissh for shame, and honoꝝ vertuous life.
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall euermoze extoll the name
of patient Grissel, my most constant wife.
FINIS.

2.

A pleasant Dialogue betweene plaine Truth,
and blind Ignorance.

Truth.

GOd speéd you aged Father,
and giue you a good day:
What is the cause I pray you,
so sadly here to stay?
And that you kéepe such gazing
on this decayed place:
The which for superstition
good Princes downe did race.
Ignorance.

Chil tell thee by my ba zonne,
that sometime che haue knowne
A faire and goodly Abbey,
stand here of bricke and stone:
And many holy Fraters,

The Garland of good Will,

as ich may say to the:

Within these goodly Cloysters
che did sull often see,

Truch.

Then I must tell the Father,
in truth and veritie:

A sort of greater hypocrites
thou couldst not likely see.

Deceiuing of the simple,
with false and feigned lyes

But such an order truly,
Christ neuer did deuise.

Ignorance.

Ah, ah, che smell the new man,
che know well what thou art:

A bellow of new learning,
che wis not worth a bart:

Woe when we had the old Law
a merry world was then:

And euery thing was plenty,
among all sorts of men.

Truch.

Thou givest me an answer,
as did the Jewes sometime

Unto the Prophet Jeremy,
when he accusd their crime.

Twass merry (said the people)
and ioyfull in our Realme,

The Garland of good Will.

Which did offer spice-cakes
vnto the Quene of Heauen.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee what good belloyn,
benoze the Criers went hence:
A bushell of the best wheate
was sold for boytēne pence;
And boyty Eggs a penny,
that were both good and new:
All this che say my selfe haue & ene,
and yet ich am no Jew.

Truth.

Within the sacred Bible,
we find it wrytten plaine:
The latter daies should troublesome
and dangerous be certaine.
That we should be selfe louers,
and charity wahren cold:
Then tis not true Religion,
that makes this grieve to hold.

Ignorance.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
and chould that well ye knew,
Ich care not for this Bible Booke,
tis too big to be true.
Our blessed Ladies Psalter,
shall for my mony go:
Such pretty prayers as there be,

The Garland of good Will.

the Bible cannot þe w.

Truth.

Now hast thou spoken truly.
for in that Booke indeed:
No mention of our Lady,
or Romish Saints we read.
For by the blessed Spirit,
that Booke indited was:
And not by simple persons,
as is your foolish Masse.

Ignorance.

Cham sure they are not foolish
that made the Masse the troth:
Why man, tis all in Latine,
and boles no Latine know.
Were not our Clathers wisemen,
and they did like it well:
Who very much reioyced,
to heare the sacring bell.

Truth.

But many Kings and Prophets,
as I may say to thee:
Have wisht the light that you haue
and neuer could it see.
For what art thou the better
a Latine song to heare:
And vnderstand nothing,
that they sing in the Quire:

F. 4

Ignorance.

The Garland of good Will.

Ignorance.

Hold thy peace the pray thee,
the noise was passing trim:
To heare the Friars zinging,
as we did enter in.
And then to see the Hoodloft,
so bzauely set with Zaints:
And now to see them wanting,
my heart with sorrow fainted.

Truth.

The Lord did giue commandement,
no Image thou shouldst make:
For that vnto Idolatry
you should your selfe betake,
The golden Calse of Israel,
Moses did theretofore spoile:
And Baal his Priests and Temple,
were bzought to vtter foile.

Ignorance.

But our Lady of Walsingham
was sure an holy Zaint:
And many men in pilgrimage,
did shew to her complaint.
Yea sweet Zaint Thomas Becker,
and many others moe:
The holy Maid of Kent likewise,
did many wonders shew.

Truth.

The Garland of good Will.

Truth.

Such Saints are well agreeing,
to your profession sure:

And to the men that made them
so precious and so pure.

The one was found a Traitor,
and iudged woꝛthy death:

The other eke foꝛ Treason,
dio end his hatefull bꝛeath.

Ignorance.

Yea yea, it is no matter,

dispraise them how you will:

But sure they did much goodnesse,
when they were with vs still.

We had our holy water,
and holy bread likewise:

And many holy Reliques
we saw befoꝛe our eyes.

Truth.

And all this while they fed you,
with vaine and sandꝝ shewes:

Which neuer Christ commanded,
as learned Doctors knowes.

Search then the holy Scriptures,
and thou shalt plainly see:

that headlong to damnation,
they alwayes trained thee,

Ignorance.

The Garland of good Will.

Ignorance.

If it be true good bellow,
as thou dost say to me:
Then to my Zauour Iesus
alone then will I lie.
Beleening in the Gospell,
and passion of his Zonne:
And with these subtil Papista
ish haue for euer done.

FINIS.

3.

The ouerthrow of proud Holofernes, and the
triumph of vertuous Queene Iudith.

Vhen King Nebuchadonezar,
was puffed vp with pride:

He sent for many men of warre,
by Holofernes guide.

To plague and spoile the world throughtout,
by fierce Bellonaes rod:

That would not feare and honoz him,
and knowledg him their God.

Which when the holy Israelites
did truly vnderstand:

For to prevent this tyrannie,
they fortified their Land,

Their

The Garland of good Will.

Their Towers and stately Cities strong
they did with victuals store:

Their warlike weapons they prepar'd
their furious foe to goze.

When stately Holofernes then
had knowledge of that thing:

That they had thus prepar'd themselves
for to withstand the King.

Quoth he, what God is able now,
to keepe those men from me?

Is there a greater then our King,
whom all men feare to see?

Come march with me therefore he said,
my Captaines enery one:

And first vnto Bethulia,
with speed let vs be gone.

I will destroy each mothers sonne,
that is within the Land:

Their God shall not deliuer them
out of my furious hand.

Wherefore about Bethulia,
that little City then:

On foot he planted vp and downe,
an hundred thousand men.

Twelue thousand more on horses b:ane

about

The Garland of good Will.

about the Towne had he:

He stopt their springs and water pipes
to worke their misery.

When foure and thirty yeares he had
with warres besieged bene:

The poore Bethulians at that time
so thirky then was sene,

That they were like to starue and die,
they were both weake and faint:

The people gainst the Rulers cry,
and thus was their complaint.

Better it is for vs, quoth they,
to yeld vnto our foe:

Then by this great and grienous thirst,
to be destroyed so.

O render by the Towne therfore,
God hath forsaken vs:

There is no meanes to stepe their hands
who can escape their might:

When as their griened Rulers heard
the clamors which they made:

Good people be content, they said,
and be no whit dismaide.

Yet fve dayes stay in hope of helpe,
God will regard our woe:

But

The Garland of good Will

But if by then no succour come,
wele yald vnto our soe.

When Iudith (prudent princely Dame)
had tidings of this thing:

Which was Manasses vertuous wife,
that sometime was their King.

Why tempt ye God so soze, she said,
before all men this day:

Whom mozt all men in conscience ought
to feare and eke obay:

If you will grant me leaue, quoth she,
to passe abroad this night:

To Holofernes I will go,
for all his furious might.

But what I there intend to do,
enquire not now of me:

So then in peace, faire Dame they said
and God be still with the.

When she from them was gotten home:
within her Palace gate:

She cal'd to her the chiefest Maid,
that on her then did waite.

Bring me my best attire quoth she,
and Jewels of finest gold:

And wash me with the finest balmes,

that

The Garland of good Will.
that are soz siluer sold.

**The fairest and the richest robes,
that then she did possesse:
Upon her dainty corps she put,
and eke her head did dresse
With costly pearles and precious stones,
and Earings of fine gold:
That like an Angell she did seeme,
most sweet soz to behold.**

**A pot of sweet and pleasant oyle,
she toke with her that time:
A bag of Figs and fine white flower,
a bottle of fine Wine:
Because she should not eate with them
that worship Gods of stone:
And from the City thus she went,
with one poore maid alone.**

**Much ground alas she had not gone
out of her owne Citty:
But that the Centinels espide
her comming presently.
From whence come you, faire Maid, quoth they,
and where walke you so late?
From yonder Towne, good Sir, quoth she,
to your Lord of high state.**

When

The Garland of good Will.

When they did marke and view her well,
and saw her faire beauty:
And there with all her rich array,
so gorgeous to the eye:
They were amazed in their minds,
so faire a Dame to see:
They set her in a Chariot then,
in place of high degré.

An hundred proper chosen men
they did appoint likewise,
To waite on Princely Iudich there,
whose beauty beared their eyes.
And all the souldiers running came,
to view her as she went:
And thus with her they pass along
vnto the Generals Tent.

There came his stately Guard in hast.
faire Iudich for to meet:
And to their high renowned Lord,
they brought this Lady sweet.
And then before his honour high,
vpon her knees she fell:
Her beauty bright made him to muse,
so farre she did excell.

His by renowned Dame, quoth he,

the

The Garland of good Will,

the glory of thy kind:
And be no whit abasht at all,
to shew to me thy mind.
When she had uttered her intent,
her wit amaz'd them all:
And Holoernes heart therewith,
by loue was brought in th'all.

And bearing in his lofty brest,
the flames of hot desire:
He granted every thing to her,
she did of him require.
Each night therefore he gaue her leaue,
to walke abroad to pray,
According to her owne request,
which she had made that day.

When she in Campe had thrée dayes béene,
neare Holoernes Tent:
His chlefest friend, Lord Treasurer,
vnto her then he sent.
Faire Dame, quoth he, my Lord commands
this night your company:
Quoth she, I will not my good Lord
in any thing deny.

A great and sumptuous Feast,
did Holoernes make:

Among

The Garland of good Will.

Amongst his chiefest Lords and Knights,
and all for Iudiths sake:

But of their dainties in no case,
would present Iudith take.

Yet Holofernes merry was,
so neare him she was plac't.

And being very pleasantly
disposed at that time:

He drunke with them abundantly
of strong delicious Wine.

So that his strength and memory,
so farre from him was fled:

There lay him downe and Iudith then
was brought vnto his bed,

When all the doores about were shut,
and every one was gone:

Hard by the pillar of his bed,
his sword she spide anon.

Then downe she toke it presently,
to God for strength she praid:

She cut his head from shoulders quite,
and gane it to her maid.

The rich and golden Canopy,
that hung over his bed:

She tooke the same with her likewise,

¶

with

The Garland of good Will.

with Holofernes head.

And thus through all the Court of guard,
she scaped cleane away.

Pone did her stay, thinking that she
had gone forth for to pray.

When she had past and scaped quite
the danger of them all:

And that she was come neare vnto
the sieged Cities wall.

Come ope the gates quoth she,
our foe the Lord hath slaine:

See here his head within my hand,
that boze so great a fame.

Upon a Pole they pitcht his head,
that all men might it spie:

And oze the Citie wals forthwith
they set it presently.

Then all the souldiers in the Towne,
marcht forth in rich array:

But sone their foes spide their appoch,
for 'twas at bryake of day.

Then running hastily to call
their Generall out of bed:

They found his luelesse body there,
but cleane without a head.

When

The Garland of good Will.

When this was knowne, all in amaze
they fled away each man:
They left their tents full rich behind,
and so away they ran.

Loe here behold how God provides,
for them that in him trust:
When earthly hope is all in vaine,
he takes vs from the dust.
How often hath our Iudich sa'd,
and kept vs from decay:
Gainst Holofernes, diuelli, and Pops,
as may be seene this day.

FINIS.

2.

A Princely Dittie, in praise of the
English Rose.

Translated out of French.

Among the Princely Paragons,
Adorn'd with dainty Diamonds:
Within mine ere, none doth come nife,
the sweet red Rose of England.
The Lilies passe in brauery,
In Flanders, Spaine, and Italy:
But yet the famous flower of France,
Doth honour the Rose of England.

The Garland of good Will.

As I abroad am walking,
I heard the small birds talking:
And every one did frame her song,
in praise of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Cæsar may vaunt of Victories,
and Cræsus of his happinesse:
But he were blest, that might beare in his brest
the swæt red Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

My brauest Lute bzing hither,
and let vs sing together:
While I do ring on euery string,
the praise of the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The swæt Perfumes and Spices
the wise men brought to Iesus:
Did neuer smell a quarter so well,
as doth the Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

Thou faire and princely flower,
that ouer my heart doth power:
None may be compared to thee,
which art the faire Rose of England.
The Lillies, &c.

The Garland of good Will.

6.

A Communication betweene Fancie
and Desire.

Come hither Shepheards Swaine,
Sir, what do you require?
I pray thee shew thy name,
my name was fond Desire.

When wast thou borne Desire?
In pompe and pride of May.
By whom (sweet child) wast thou begot?
Of fond Conceit men say.

Tell me, who was thy Nurse?
Sweet yonth, and sugred ioyes:
What was thy meat and dayly food?
Sad sighes and great annoyes.

What hadst thou for to drinke?
Unsaouy Lovers teares.
What Cradle wast thou rocked in?
In lone deuoid of feares.

Who lul'd thee then asleepe?
Sweet speech, which likes me best.
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
In gentle hearts I rest.

The Carland of good Will.

What thing doth please thee most:
to gaze on beauty still.

Whom dost thou think to be thy foe:
Disdaine of my good will.

Doth company displease:
Pea sure of many one.

Where doth desire delight to liue?
He loues to liue alone.

Doth either time or age,
bzing him to decay:
Po, Po, Desire both liues and dies,
ten thousand times a day.

Then fond Desire, farewell,
thou art no mate for me:
I would be loath to dwell
with such a one as thee.
FINIS.



The Garland of good Will.
The third part of the Garland
of good Will.

Song 1.

A Maidens choice twixt Age and Youth.

Crabbed Age and Youth
cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care.
Youth like Summers mozne,
Age like Winters weather:
Youth is full of sport,
Ages bycath is short:
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weake and cold:
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:
Age I do abhorre thée,
Youth I do adore thée,
O my loue, my loue is young:
Age I do desie:
O swæt Shepeheard hve thée,
for me thinks thou stay'st too long.
Here I do attend
arm'd by loue and pleasure:
With my youthfull friend,
ioyfully to méet,

The Garland of good Will.

Here I do awaite
for my onely treasure:
Venus sugred baite,
fancies Dainties sweet:
Like a longing wife,
So leade I my life,
thirsting for my hearts desire.
Come sweet youth, I pray,
Away old man away,
thou canst not geue that I require.
For old age I care not,
Come my Loue and spare not,
age is fable, youth is strong:
Age I do despise thee,
O sweet sheapheard hie thee,
for me thinks thou staist too long,

Phœbus stay thy Steeds
ouer swiftly running;
Dine not on so fast,
bright resplendent Sun.
For faire Daphnes sake
now expresse thy cunning:
Pittie on me take,
else I am bindone.
Pout houres swift of flight,
That wasts with Titans light,
and so consume the chærefull day,

The Garland of good Will.

O stay a while with me,
Till I my Love may see:

O youth thou dost too long delay,
Time will overslip vs,
and in pleasure trip vs,

come away therefore with speed:
I would not lose an hower,
For faire Londons Tower,
Venus therefore helpe my need.

Floras bankes are spred,
in her rich attire:

With the dainty Violet,
and the Primrose sweet.

Daisies white and red,
sitting youths desire:

Where the Daffadilly,
and the Cowslip meete:

All for youths behoone,
Their fresh colours move,
in the Meadewes greene and gay:

The Birds with sweetest notes,
Do straine their pretty throates,
to entertaine my love this way.

I with twenty wishes,
And an hundred kisses

would receive him by the hand:
If he gave not a fall,

The Garland of good Will.

I would him Toward call,
and still vnto my woꝛd would stand.

Loe where she appeares
Like to young Adonis:
Ready to set on fire
the chastest heart aliue.
Jewel of my life,
welcome where thine owne is,
Pleasant are thy lockes,
soꝛowes to deprime.
Embrace thy Darling deare,
Without all doubtfull feare,
at thy command I wholly rest:
Do what thou wilt to me,
Thereto I agrée,
And be not strange to my request.
To youth I onely yeld.
age fits not Venus field:
Though I be conquerd, what care I
In such a pleasant warre,
Come méet me if you dare,
who first mislikes, first let him cry
FINIS.

2.

As ye came from the holy Land
of Malſingham,
ſpet you not with my true lone,

The Garland of good Will.

by the way as you came?

How should I know your true lone,
that haue met many a one,
As I came from the holy Land,
that haue come, that haue gone?

She is neither white nor browne,
but as the heauens faire:
There is none hath her forme so diuine
on the earth, in the ayre.
Such an one did I meet (good Sir)
with an Angell like face: (appare
Who like a Pimp like a Quene did
in her gate, in her grace.

She hath left me here alone,
all alone vnknowne:
Who sometime loued me as her life,
and called me her owne.
What is the cause she hath left thee alone,
and a new way doth take:
That sometime did thee loue as her selfe,
and her toy did thee make.

I haue lou'd her all my youth,
but now am old as you see:
Lone liketh not the falling fruit,
nor the withered tree.

The Garland of good Will.

For Loe is like a carelesse child,
and forgets promise past:
He is blind, he is deafe, when he list,
and in faith neuer fast.

His desire is fickle found,
and a trustlesse ioy:
He is won with a world of dispaire,
and is lost with toy.
Such is the loe of women kind,
or the word (Loe) abused:
Under which many childish desires,
and conceits are excused.

But Loe it is a durable fire,
in the mind ener burning:
Neuer sicke, neuer dead, neuer cold,
from it selfe neuer turning.

3.

The winning of Cales.

Long the proud Spaniard
had vaunted to conquer vs:
Threatning our Countrey
with fire and sword.
Often preparing
their party most sumptuous,
With all the provision

that

The Garland of good Will.

that Spaine could afford.
Dub a dub, dub,
thus strike their Drummes,
Tan ta ra ra, tan ta ra ra,
English men comes.

To the Seas presently,
went our Lord Admirall,
With knights couragious,
and Captaines full good.
The Earle of Essex,
a prosperous Generall
With him prepared
to passe the salt flood:
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plimmonth speedily,
tooke they ships valiently:
Whauer ships neuer
was scene vnder sayle.
With their faire Colours spread
and Streamers oze their head:
Now bragging Spaniards
take heed of your taile. 10
Dub a dub, dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly
came we most happily;

The Garland of good Will.

Where the Kings Paule
secretly did ride:
Being vpon their backes,
piercing their Buts of Sackes,
Ere that the Spaniard
our coming discide,
Tan tara ra, Englishmen comes,
Bounce abounce, bounce abounce,
Dif went our Gunnes,

Great was the crying,
running and riding,
Which at that season
was made in that place.
The Beacons were fiered,
as need then required:
To hide their great treasure
they had little space,
Alas they cried,
English men comes.

There might you see the ships,
how they were fired fast:
And how the men drowned
themselves in the Sea.
There might you heare them cry,
waile and weepe pittiously:
When as they saw no shift

The Garland of good Will.

to scape thence away.

Dub a dub, &c.

The great Saint Phillip,
the pride of the Spaniards:
Was burnt to the bottome,
and sunke in the sea.

But the Saint Andrew,
and eke the Saint Mathew,
We tooke in fight manly,
and brought them away.

Dub a dub, dub, &c.

The Earle of Essex,
most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen
marcht toward the Towne,
The enemies which saw them,
full greatly affrighted:
Did flie for their safegard,
and durst not come downe.
Dub a dub, &c.

Now quoth the noble Earle,
courage my Souldiers all.
Fight and be valiant,
the spoile you shall haue,
And well rewarded all,

from

The Garland of good Will.

from the great to the small:
But loke that woman
and childzen you saue.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniard at that sight,
saw twas in baine to fight:
Hung by their Flags of truce,
yelding the Towne,
We marcht in presently,
decking the wals on hie,
With our English Colours,
which purchass renoune.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then,
of the richest men,
For gold and treasure,
we searched each day.
In some places we did find
Pies baking in the Duens,
Meat at the fire roasting,
and men an a way.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich marchandize
euery shop we did see:
Damaske and Sattens,

and

The Garland of goodWill.

and Helmet full faire:
Which souldiers measured out
by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities,
eace one had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

This Cales was taken,
and our bzane Generall
Marcht to the Market place,
where he did stand:
There many prisoners
of good account were tooke:
Many crau'd mercy,
and mercy they found.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our bzane Generall
saw they delayed time,
And would not ransom
the Towne as they said:
With their faire Mainescots,
their Presses and Bedstedds,
Their Joynt-stooles and Tables,
a fire we made:
And when the town burnt in a flame
With tan ta ra, tan ta ra ra,
From thence we came.

The Garland of good Will.

4.

Of King Edward the third, and the faire Countesse
of Salisbury, setting forth her constancy and end-
lesse glory.

When as King Edward the third did live
that baliant King:
Dauid of Scotland to rebell,
did then begin.
The towne of Barwicke suddenly
from vs he wonne:
And burnt New castle to the ground,
thus strife began.
To Rosbury castle marcht he then,
and by the force of warlike men,
Besieg'd therein a gallant faire Lady,
while that her husband was in France,
His Countries honour to aduance,
the noble and the famous Earle of Salisbury.

Wizant Sir william Mountague,
rode then in past:
Who declared unto the King,
the Scottisshmens boast.
Who like a Lyon in a rage,
did straight way prepare
For to deliuer that faire Lady,
from wofull care:

But

The Garland of good Will.

But when the Scottisshmen did heare say,
Edward our King was come that day:
They raised their siege, & ran away with speed,
So that when he did thither come
With warlike Trumpet, Fife and Drum,
none but a gallant Lady did him meet.

Who when he did with gréedie eyes
behold and see:

Her pérélesse beauty straight enthrald
his Maiestie.

And euer the longer that he look't
the more he might:

For in her onely beauty was
his hearts delight.

And humbly then vpon her knée,

He thank't his royall Maiestie,

That he had dynen danger from her Gate.

Lady, quoth he, stand vp in peace,

Although my warre doth now increase.

Lord képe, quoth she, all hurt from your estate.

Now is the King full sad in soule,
and wot not why:

All for the lone of the faire Countesse
of Salisbur.

She little knowing his cause of Griefe,
did come to see:

The Garland of good Will.

Wherefore his Highnesse late alone
so heauily.

I haue bene wrong'd faire Dame, quoth he,
since I came hither vnto thee;

So God forbide my Soueraigne, she said
if I were worthy for to know

The cause and ground of this your woe,
you should be helpt if it did lye in me.

I sweare to performe thy words to me
thou Lady gay:

To thee the sorow of my heart,
I will betray.

I sweare by all the Saints in heauen,
I will quoth she:

And let my Lord haue no mistrust
at all in me.

Then take thy selfe aside, he said,

for why thy beauty hath betraid,

Wounding a King with thy bright shining eye,

If thou do then some mercy show:

Thou shalt expell a Princes woe:

so shall I liue or else in sorow die.

You haue your wish my Soueraigne Lord,
effectually:

Take all the loue that I can giue
your Maiestie:

The Garland of good Will.

But in thy beauty all my ioyes
haue their abode:

Take then my beauty from my face
my gracious Lord.

Didst thou not sweare to grant my will:
all that I may I will fulfill.

Then for my lone let thy true loue be séene:
My Lord, your speech I might rezone,
You cannot giue to me your lone,
for that belongs vnto your Quéene.

But I suppose your Grace did this,
onely to try,

Whether a wanton tale might tempt
Dame Salisbury.

For from your selfe therfore my Liege.
my steps do stray:

But from your tempting wanton tale,
I go my way.

I turne againe thou Lady bright,
come vnto my hearts delight.

Gone is the comfort of my pensive heart:

Here comes the Cagle of Warwicke, he;

The Father of this faire Lady:

my mind to him I meane for to impart.

Why is my Lord and Soueraigne King
so grieved in mind?

The Garland of good Will.

Because that I haue lost the thing
I cannot find.

What thing is that my gracious Lord
which you haue lost?

It is my heart which is neare dead,
betwixt fire and frost.

Curst be that fire and frost too.

that causeth this your highnesse woe,

O Warwick, thou dost wrong me very sore;
it is thy daughter noble Earle:

That heauen bright lampe that peerles pearle
which kills my heart, yet do I her adore.

If that be all (my gracious King:)
that workes your griefe,

I will perswade the scoonefull Dame
to yeeld reliefe:

Penur shall she my daughter be,
if she refuse.

The love and fauour of a King,
may her excuse.

Thus while Warwicke went his way,
and quite contrary he did say:

When as he did the beautionous Countesse meete,
well met my daughter deare, quoth he,

A message I must doe to thee:

Our royall King most kindly doth thee greet.

The

The Garland of good Will.

The King will die, lest thou to him
do grant thy loue:

To loue, my husbands loue

I should remoue,

It is right charitie to loue,
my daughter deare:

But not true loue so charitable
for to appeare.

His greatnesse may beare out the shame,

But his kingdom cannot buy out the blame,
he craves thy loue that may bereaue thy life.

It is my dutie to mone this,

But not thy honestie to yeeld, I wis:

I meane to die a true vnspotted life.

Now hast thou spoken my daughter deare,
as I would haue:

Chastitie beares a golden name
vnto her grave.

And when vnto thy wedded Lord,
thou prouest vntrue:

Then let my bitter curses still,
thy soule pursue.

Then with a smiling cheare go thou
as right and reason doth allow.

(mind

Yet shew the King thou bearest no strumpets

I go deare father with a trice
and by a slight of fine deuce:

The Garland of good Will.

He cause the King confesse that I am kind.

Here comes the Lady of my life
the King did say:

My Father bids me Soueraigne Lord
your will obey:

And I consent, if you will grant
one boone to me.

I grant it thee, my Lady faire,
what ere it be.

My husband is a line you know,
first, let me kill him ere I go.

And at your command I will so2 ever be.

Thy husband now in France doth rest:

No, no, he lyes within my breaſt.

and being so nre, he will my falshood see.

With that she started from the King,
and tooke her knife:

And desperately she sought to rid
her selfe of life.

The King by started from his chaire,
her hand to stay;

O noble King you haue broke your word
with me this day.

Thou shalt not do this deed, quoth he,
then will I neuer lye with thee.

No, lue thou still, and let me beare the blame,

thus

The Garland of good Will.

live in honour and high estate,
With thy true Lord and wedded mate:
I neuer will attempt this suit againe.

5.

The Spanish Ladies loue to an English
Gentleman.

VVill you heare a Spanish Lady
how she wooed an Englishman
Garments gay as rich as may be,
deckt with Jewels had she on,
Of a comely countenance,
and grace was she:
And by birth and parentage
of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
in his hands her life did lye:
Cupids bands did tie her faster,
by the liking of her eye.
In his courteous company
was all her ioy;
To fauour him in any thing,
she was not coy.

At the last there came commandment,
for to set the Ladies free:

With

The Garland of good Will.

With their Jewels still adorning,
none to do them iniury.

Alas, then said the Lady gay,
full woe is me:

O let me still sustaine this kind
captivity.

Gallant Captaine take some pittie
of a Lady in distresse:

Leaue me not within the Citty,
for to dye in heauinesse.

Thou hast set this present day,
my bodie free:

But my heart in prison strong,
remaines with thee.

How should thou faire Lady loue me
whom thou knowest thy Countreies foe:

Thy faire words make me suspect thee,
Serpents lie where flowers grow.

All the euill I thinke to thee,
most courteous Knight:

God grant vnto my selfe the same,
may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
that you came on Spanish ground,
If you may our foe be tearmed,

The Garland of good Will.

gentle foes we haue you found.
With our Cities you haue won,
our hearts each one:
Then to your Country beare away,
that is your owne.

Rest you still (most gallant Lady)
rest you still and wéepe no moze:
Of faire louers there are plenty,
Spains doth yeld a wondrous stoze.
Spaniards fraught with iealousie,
we often find:
But English men through all the world
are counted kind.

Leaue me not into a Spaniard,
you alone enioy my heart:
I am louely, young and tender,
loue is likewise my desert.
Still to serue thee day and night,
my mind is prest:
The wife of enery Englishman
is counted blest.

It would be a shame, faire Lady,
for to beare a woman hence:
English souldiers neuer carry
any such without offence.

The Garland of good Will.

I will quickly change my selfe,
if it be so:
And like a Page He follow thee,
where ere thou go.

I haue neither gold nor siluer,
to maintaine thee in this case:
And to trauell is great charges,
as you know in enery place,
My chaines and Jewels ouery one
shall be thine owne:
And eke fise hundred pound in gold,
that lyes vnknowne.

On the Seas are many dangers,
many stormes do there arise:
Which will be to Ladies dreadfull,
and force teares from watry eyes,
Well in worth I should endure
extremity:
For I could find in heart to lose
my life for thee.

Courteous Lady be contented,
here comes all that breeds the strife,
I in England haue already,
a sweet woman to my wife.
I will not falsifie my how



The Garland of good Will.

for gold nor gaine:

For yet for all the fairest Dames
that live in Spaine.

O how happy is that woman
that enioyes so true a friend:

Many dayes of toy God send you,
of my suit Ile make an end.

Upon my knees I pardon craue
for this offence;

Which long and true affection
did first commence.

Commend me to thy loving Lady,
beare to her this chaine of gold,

And these bracelets for a token,
grieving that I was so bold.

All my Jewels in like sort
beare thou with thee:

For these are fitting for thy wife,
and not for me.

I will spend my dayes in prayer,
Loue and all her lawes desie:

In a Sunnery will I shewd me,
farre from other company.

But ere my prayers haue an end,
be sure of this,

He

The Garland of good Will.

To pray for thee and for thy lone,
I will not misse.

Thus farewell most gentle Captaine,
and farewell my hearts content:
Count not Spanish Ladies wanton,
though to thee my lone was bent.
Joy and true prosperitie,
go still with thee:
The like fall ever to thy share.
most faire Lady.

9.

A farewell to Loue.

Farewell false Loue the Oracle of lyes:
A mortall foe, an enemy to rest:
An enuious boy from whence great cares arise;
A Bastard bile, a beast with rage possess.
A way for error, tempest full of treason.
In all respects contrary vnto reason.

A poyson'd Serpent covered all with flowers,
Mother of sighs and murderers of repose;
A season of sorrow, whence ran all such showres
As moisture gines to every griefe that growes:
A schoule of guile, a nest of deepe deceit,
A golden hooke, that holds a poysoned bait.

¶

The Garland of good Will.

A fortlesse field, w hom reason did defend:
A Hydens song, a seruer of the mind:
A maze, wherein affection finds no end:
A raining cloud, that runs before the wind,
A substance like the shadow of the Sunn:
A gole of grieve, for which the wisest runne.

A quenchlesse fire, a rest of trembling feare;
A path that leedes to perill and mishap:
A true retreat of sorow and despaire,
An idle boy that sleepest in pleasures lap:
A deepe mistrust of that which certaine seemes,
A hope of that which reason doubtfull deemes.

Then sith my reigne my yonger pæres betraide
And for my faith ingratitude I find:
And sith repentance hath the wrong betwaid,
Whose crooked cause hath not bene after kind:
False loue go backe, and beauty fraile adew,
Dead is the root from whence such fancies grew.

FINIS.

*The Loner by his gifts thinkes to conquer chastitie,
And with his gifts sends these verses to the Lady.*

What face so faire that is not crackt with gold:
What wit so woorth but hath in gold his wonder
What learning but with golden-lines will hold:
Alb

The Garland of good Will.

What state so be; but gold will bring it under:
What thought so sweet, but gold doth bitter season:
And what rule better then the Golden reason:

The ground is fat that yields the golden fruit:
The study high, that fits the golden state:
The labour sweet that gets the golden suit:
The reckning rich, that scores the golden rate:
The love is sure, that golden hope doth hold:
And rich againe that serves the god of Gold.

FINIS.

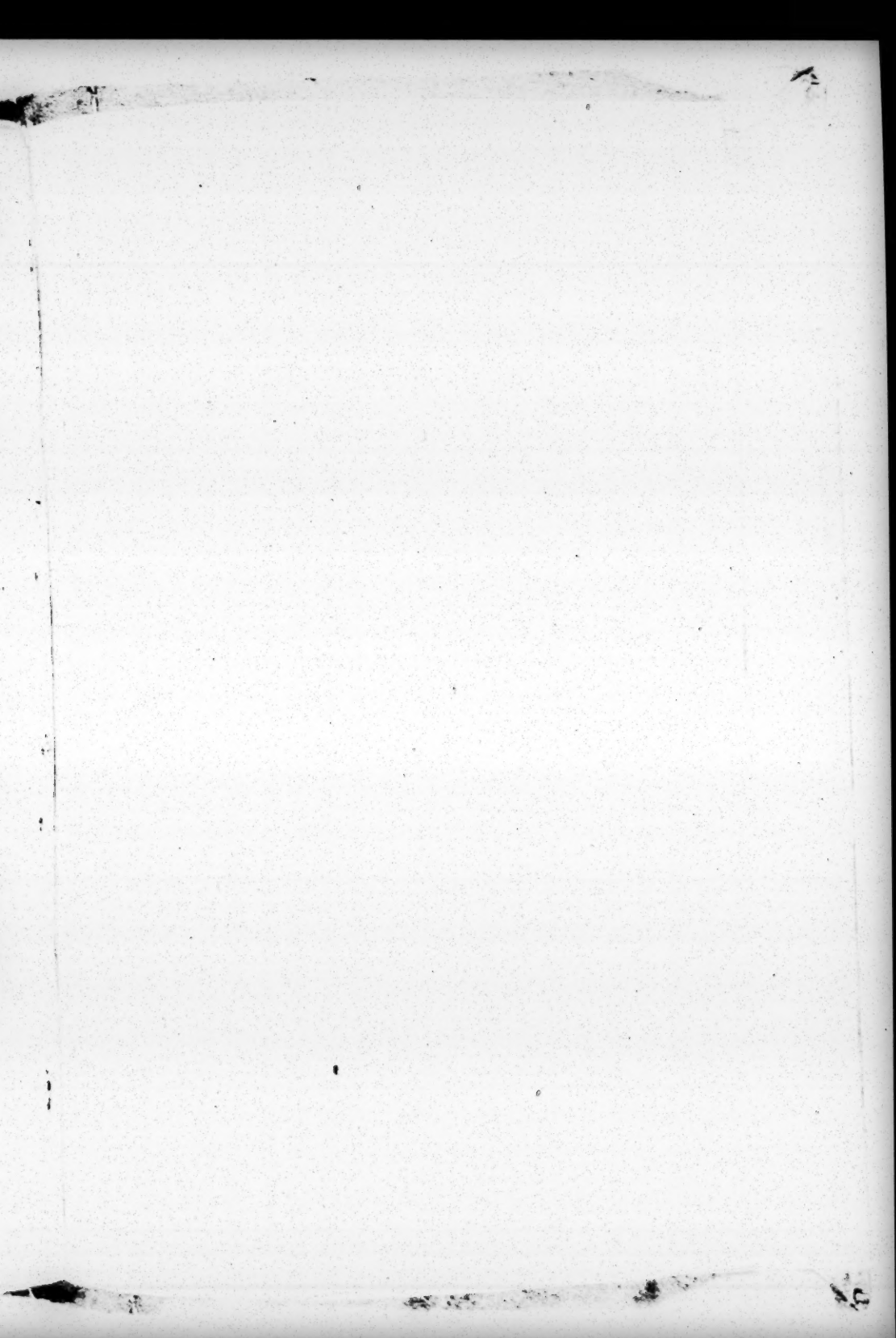
The womans answer.

Foule is the face, whose beauty gold can race:
Worthy the wit that hath welth in her wonder:
Unlearned lines puts gold in honours place:
Welched the state that will to coine come under:
Wale the conceit that seasond is with gold:
And beggars rue that such a reason hold.

(grace:

Earth giues the gold but Heauen giues greater
Men study wealth, but Angels wisdomes state.
Labour seeks peace, loue hath an higher place:
Death makes the reckning, life is all my rate:
Thy hope is hell, my hope of heauen doth hold.
God giue me grace, let Diues die with gold.

FINIS.





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